

April 15, 1990

GROUNDHOG DAY

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FADE IN

CU CLOCK

A digital clock-radio changes from 6:29 to 6:30. The radio comes on. It is playing the end of the Sonny and Cher hit, "I got you, babe."

PHIL sits up in bed. He is in his late twenties, good looking.

PHIL is quickly alert. He looks at the foot of the bed. His small suitcase is open.

He looks at the back of the door. His suit bag is hanging.

He looks at the radio. He seems to be waiting for something. The music ends. PHIL takes a breath.

The radio D.J. and his SIDEKICK come on. PHIL mouths the words of both announcers, verbatim, broadly, as if he were on the radio.

D. J.

Okay, campers, rise and shine, and don't forget your booties because today it's COOOOOOLD out there.

SIDEKICK DEEJAY

It's cold out there everyday.

The D. J. laughs. PHIL "mock" laughs at exactly the same time.

SIDEKICK DEEJAY

What does this look like -- Miami Beach?

PHIL gets out of bed. He purposefully and without anger kicks over the nightstand, still mouthing the dialogue from the radio. He flips the hanging bag off the door so that it falls. This is a room in a bed-and-breakfast type boarding house. There is a sink in the room. He picks up a towel from the rack.

He continues mouthing the dialogue.

D. J.

I know that, but today is special.

SIDEKICK DEEJAY

Especially cold.

D. J.
And hazardous travel with that, you
know, blizzard thing...

SIDEKICK DEEJAY
That "blizzard thing?"

PHIL turns on the water, splashes some on his face, still
mouthing the dialogue.

D. J.
...coming this way. You know what I
mean...

SIDEKICK DEEJAY
Oh, here's the report. "The national
weather service is calling for a
blizzard thing..."

D.J.
So, okay, here's the big question on
everybody's lips...

SIDEKICK DEEJAY
Chapped lips.

D.J.
On their chapped lips.

SIDEKICK DEEJAY
Right.

D.J.
Do you think Phil's going to come out
and see his shadow?

SIDEKICK DEEJAY
Punxsutawne Phil.

PHIL looks up at himself in the mirror, still mouthing the
dialogue.

D.J.
That's right, kids! It's...

BOTH DEEJAYS
Groundhog Day!

SOUND EFFECT of GRUNTING GROUNDHOGS.

PHIL grunts into the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST -- DAWN

PHIL is well dressed in a suit and tie, a nice overcoat slung over his arm. He walks down a corridor of the house.

A CHUBBY MAN passes.

CHUBBY MAN

Morning.

PHIL

Morning.

CHUBBY MAN

Think it'll be an early spring?

PHIL

No telling.

PHIL politely walks past. He enters a good-sized

BREAKFAST ROOM

an old library with a buffet set up for coffee and rolls. A handful of guests are milling about, eating. One wall is lined with bookcases filled with books.

The old matron of the house, MRS. LANCASTER, spots PHIL as she comes out of the kitchen.

PHIL

No, thank you.

MRS. LANCASTER

Could I get you some coffee?

PHIL

Cold and overcast.

MRS. LANCASTER

I wonder what the weather ...

PHIL

Stay an extra day.

MRS. LANCASTER

Will you be checking out ...

PHIL

Thank you.

PHIL continues to the front door.

MRS. LANCASTER

Enjoy the groundhog.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE -- DAWN

PHIL puts on his coat and gloves as he descends the steps of the house. He is in a good mood. His step is jaunty. He breathes in the fresh, cold air.

There are a lot of people on the street for this hour. Traffic is congested, and pedestrians are going faster than cars. Everyone is pretty much going in the same direction.

This is a small town. The businesses look old. It has a neighborhood feel.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I can't tell you when it began, other than to say "on groundhog day." And I can't tell you why it happened to me, other than to say I deserved a break in my career, and this was certainly it.

RITA approaches PHIL. SHE is walking faster than PHIL, but they are both walking in the same direction. RITA is attractive, about PHIL's age.

RITA

There you are, Phil! You better hurry up.

PHIL

Good morning, Rita.

RITA

Larry doesn't know where you want the camera, and the video keeps flitzing out from the cold.

PHIL looks at the sky.

PHIL
What a day!

RITA
You listening to me, Connors? I put my
neck on the line for you.

PHIL
Thanks.

RITA
You're gonna blow it.

PHIL
You always say that.

RITA
When? I've never said that. Now, will
you move it?

PHIL
Isn't this a nice town?

RITA
Come on!

PHIL
Rita -- do you know how many eligible
women will be sleeping in this town
tonight?

RITA
This is a location shoot, not a stud
farm. Now, shake your butt.

RITA hurries off.

PHIL
Sixty three.

PHIL pauses, stretches, feels good, continues walking.

Without looking down, PHIL nonchalantly takes a side step
around some unseen object and continues walking. Behind
him, somebody steps in the spot he avoided and winds up
ankle deep in wet slush.

PHIL VOICE OVER

How do I know things before they happen?
You may call it cheating, but that's
because you don't understand. I'm
playing by an entirely different set of
rules. Suffice it to say, it's a handy
skill for a weatherman.

PHIL begins to slip off his right glove.

A MAN spots PHIL and lumbers toward him.

MAN

Hey, Connors!

PHIL doesn't look up. He finishes taking off his glove and continues walking.

MAN

Phil Connors! Hey!

The MAN comes right up to Phil and opens his mouth to speak. Before he gets a word out, PHIL SLUGS HIM. The MAN goes down. PHIL slips on the glove and keeps walking, in a good mood.

PHIL VOICE OVER

When you understand the situation in its
entirety, you will not judge me so
harshly. I am a rational person, just
like you, living an extraordinary
circumstance.

EXT. GOBBLERS KNOB -- DAY

PHIL enters a clearing on a residential street, a large mound of dirt surrounded by a small white fence. A large crowd is gathered.

An area is roped off for news reporters and cameras.

RITA

Here he comes. Phil! Hey, Phil, over here!

PHIL ignores the calls, and heads straight for an obscure corner of the KNOB. He is scratching a mark in the dirt with his foot.

RITA returns to LARRY, LARRY pushes through the crowd towards PHIL.

LARRY

It's after seven o'clock, where've you been? The stupid rodent could get here any second. Look, Phil, the sun's coming up, we're gonna miss it...

PHIL

Put it here.

LARRY

What?

PHIL

Put the camera here.

LARRY takes a forlorn glance towards the press area, where ALL of the other cameras are set up.

LARRY

But everybody else...

PHIL starts to wander off.

LARRY

Phil? Phil?

LARRY turns back to the press area.

LARRY

Rita!

LARRY runs back to get his equipment.

PHIL passes a pretty woman.

PHIL

Hi, Grace.

He keeps walking. She turns to look at him, not recognizing.

PHIL spots a very good looking young woman in the crowd and sidles up to her.

PHIL

Hi.

NANCY

Hello.

PHIL
What're you here for?

NANCY gives him a look.

PHIL
What's your name?

NANCY
Nancy Taylor. And you are...

PHIL
Where'd you go to high school?

NANCY
What is this?

PHIL
High school?

NANCY
Lincoln High school. In Pittsburgh.
Who are you?

PHIL
Who was your twelfth grade English
teacher?

NANCY
Are you kidding?

PHIL keeps staring at her.

NANCY
Mrs. Walsh.

PHIL
Nancy. Lincoln. Walsh.

NANCY
Is this some kind of come-on?

PHIL
More sophisticated than you will ever
know.

PHIL walks off, leaving NANCY staring.

The crowd begins to hush.

PHIL walks around by the press area. Several reporters are already talking to their cameras, dribbling on about how "He could appear any second, now."

PHIL looks at his watch. He continues around to where LARRY and RITA have set up the camera with "TV 5" printed on the side.

LARRY

Hurry up!

Lots of shushing from the crowd.

LARRY

(Hushed)

Hurry up! We're going to miss it.

RITA takes PHIL aside.

RITA

What's the matter with you?

LARRY

Do I roll tape?

RITA

Look, we'll just keep it rolling, get the groundhog covered, and cut in your pickup later.

PHIL isn't listening to her.

RITA

You can't do it in one shot ...

PHIL

I can.

RITA

Wake up, Connors. That takes experience.

PHIL

I have ...

RITA

ON camera experience, which is more than finding Missouri on the weather map.

PHIL wanders off.

RITA

Phil!

LARRY

Do I roll tape?

PHIL casually scopes the crowd. He is picking out the pretty women.

LARRY looks at the other news reporters, all talking to their cameras and pointing towards the mound.

LARRY

Everyone else is rolling tape. Do I roll tape?

LARRY looks at RITA, helplessly.

RITA goes after Phil.

RITA

Listen, Phil. I've been producing for six years, and as far as I can see, you're just one more overgrown kid with his ego on his cuffs and his brain caught in a zipper.

PHIL

Kind of you to notice.

RITA

Why don't you grow up?

PHIL

I'm afraid that's impossible.

PHIL glances down at his watch. He wanders over to LARRY and taps him on the shoulder.

PHIL

Roll tape.

LARRY

Okay.

PHIL positions himself against the fence. He grabs a microphone from RITA.

LARRY

Rolling.

PHIL snaps into announce mode.

PHIL

Once a year, the eyes of the nation turn here, to this tiny Hamlet in Pennsylvania, to watch a master at work. The master? Punxsutawne Phil, the world's most famous weatherman, the groundhog who, legend has it, can predict the coming of an early spring.

RITA turns to LARRY. This is impressive - so far, so good.

PHIL

In just a moment, we will see the groundhog peek its head out of the hole here on Gobblers Knob, look left, look right, step out of the hole, run around to this side, look at the crowd, burp, and run back into the ground.

RITA

We're fired.

PHIL looks at his watch.

PHIL

Okay? And here we go...

PHIL gestures with his hand. The groundhog sticks his head out of the hole, looks around, steps out of the hole, runs around directly over towards Larry's camera. As he stands there, his body casts a long shadow. The groundhog looks at the camera, lets out a squeak, and runs back into the ground.

RITA and LARRY have their mouths open.
The crowd cheers.

PHIL

And now, the official at these proceedings, Mr. Buster Green, will interpret the weather report.

BUSTER walks onto the mound and hushes the crowd.

BUSTER

He came out, and he saw his shadow. Sorry, Ladies and Gentlemen, but it looks like it's going to be a long winter.

The crowd lets out a good-natured "Awwwww" in disappointment.

PHIL

Well, you heard it right from the groundhog's mouth. Bundle up good, 'cause it's going to be a long winter - at least in Punxsutawne. Reporting for channel five, this is Phil Connors.

PHIL lets his mike-arm drop and wanders over past LARRY and RITA.

PHIL

Okay?

PHIL keeps walking. They turn to look at him. RITA stares, reevaluating him.

PHIL brushes by NANCY and smiles at her. He keeps walking. She, too, turns to look at him.

PHIL walks away through the crowd, back to the center of town.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Let me tell you right off -- I have a secret. If I could just tell you right out, I would. But, believe me, you wouldn't understand. And by tomorrow, you wouldn't remember my secret. You wouldn't even remember my name.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER -- MORNING

PHIL is sitting at the counter talking with an old steel worker named GUS.

PHIL

If you only had one day to live, what would you do with it?

GUS

One day to live? I wouldn't be eating here, that's for sure.

The WAITRESS is pouring coffee, overhearing.

WAITRESS
You been eating here for thirty years,
Gus.

GUS
No fool like an old fool.

PHIL
I mean it. If you knew the world were
going to end tomorrow.

GUS
Is that what's gonna happen?

RALPH, the guy sitting next to GUS chimes in.

RALPH
I'd get drunk.

GUS
All right.

RALPH
And I mean for breakfast.

GUS
All right. Why wait till lunch like
usual.

RALPH
That's right.

PHIL
You'd get drunk?

RALPH
Then I'd spend all day in bed.

GUS
You're just the fool to spend your last
living day sleeping.

RALPH
Who said anything about sleeping. I
plan on having lots of company.

PHIL
Don't you feel there's something you
wanted to do your whole life? This is
your last chance.

GUS

I always wanted to go to Italy. But I don't mind telling you I'm scared of flying. Probably would be my last day on earth.

LARRY and RITA enter the diner, spot PHIL.

RALPH

I'd get in my car and take it down for a wash and wax.

PHIL listens to RALPH with interest.

RALPH

Put a real sparkle on her. Then I'd crank her up to ninety and tear through town smashing into everything. Then I'd run her head on into a cop.

RITA leans over to PHIL.

RITA

There you are. Got the van all loaded out front.

LARRY

How'd you know the groundhog was gonna look at our camera, anyhow?

RITA

Let's go, Phil. Gotta get this tape in for the nooner.

PHIL

You go on ahead. I'll catch up.

RITA

Sure you don't wanna be there? Mr. Chu's gonna give you prime time for sure.

PHIL

Bye, guys. Thanks.

RITA

Well, all right. Good work.

RITA's smile lingers on PHIL, then she leaves with LARRY.

LARRY

How'd he know about the groundhog?

RITA and LARRY exit.

RALPH turns to PHIL.

RALPH

You come here for the groundhog?

PHIL nods.

RALPH

I hate that groundhog. If this was my last day on earth I'd kill that groundhog.

PHIL

Ralph -- you said something about a car wash?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR WASH -- DAY

A big, black Buick is emerging from an automatic car wash. As the dashboard appears, we see that PHIL and RALPH are in the front seat. PHIL is driving. RALPH is drinking from a bottle.

The bundled-up attendants are quickly rubbing down the car with dry rags.

RALPH passes the bottle to PHIL, who takes a swig. They are having a good time.

The attendant waves to PHIL that he is finished. PHIL salutes back.

The car PEELS OUT of the driveway, smashing several cars as it turns the corner.

INSIDE CAR

PHIL and RALPH are whooping it up. They are on a great, carefree roller coaster ride. They are on the "E" ticket of life.

PHIL

This is great!

RALPH
Oh, hey, take a left.

PHIL passes the intersection.

RALPH
You missed it!

The CAR cuts off traffic, goes up on the curb, patches somebody's lawn, and turns up the street.

PHIL
So many rules.

RALPH
Say that again.

PHIL
Don't do this ...

PHIL sideswipes a parked car.

PHIL
Don't do that ...

PHIL knocks over a garbage can.

A POLICE CAR pulls out, in pursuit of the BUICK.
RALPH looks behind him at the POLICE CAR.

RALPH
All right!

PHIL
No more rules!

RALPH roars with glee.

RALPH
No more rules!

A second POLICE CAR pulls into the chase.
RALPH notices.

RALPH
That's two.

PHIL
Having a good time?

RALPH
I'm having a great time!

PHIL
Ever thought you'd be chased by two
police cars?

RALPH
Whole town's only got three.

The CAR tears down the street, swiping whatever is parked,
smashing past whatever is not.

RALPH
Hey...

PHIL
Yeah?

RALPH
Hey...

PHIL
Phil.

RALPH
Right. Like the groundhog.

PHIL
Right.

RALPH
Hey, Phil.

PHIL
Yeah?

RALPH
Aren't we going to get into trouble?

PHIL
Ralph...

A POLICE CAR stops at the end of the road, lengthwise. The
light is flashing. It is waiting for our Buick. PHIL hits
the breaks and stares down the long road towards the Police
car.

PHIL
There is no trouble.

PHIL hits the gas.

PHIL
There are no consequences.

The POLICE CAR is growing quickly larger as we speed toward it.

PHIL
There are no repercussions.

The POLICE get out of the car and flee for cover.

PHIL
Tomorrow none of this will matter.
They are almost upon the POLICE car..

PHIL
Today is the last day of the world.

RALPH
All right!

CRASH!!!!!!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP.

CU clock. It is the digital clock radio from before. It changes from 6:29 to 6:30. The radio is playing "I got you, babe."

PHIL sits up suddenly. He looks around.

The small suitcase is open at the foot of his bed.

The suit bag is hanging on the back of the door.

He looks at the radio. The music ends, and the two D.J.s come on. This time, Phil doesn't mouth along.

D. J.
Okay, campers, rise and shine, and don't forget your booties because today it's COOOOOOLD out there.

SIDEKICK DEEJAY
It's cold out there everyday.

The D. J. laughs.

SIDEKICK DEEJAY

What does this look like -- Miami Beach?

PHIL gets out of bed. He goes to look out the window.

D. J.

I know that, but today is special.

SIDEKICK DEEJAY

Especially cold.

D. J.

And hazardous travel with that, you know, blizzard thing...

IN THE STREET

We see people hurrying in the dawn light towards the morning's event.

SIDEKICK DEEJAY

That "blizzard thing?"

D. J.

...coming this way. You know what I mean...

SIDEKICK DEEJAY

Oh, here's the report. "The national weather service is calling for a blizzard thing..."

D.J.

So, okay, here's the big question on everybody's lips...

SIDEKICK DEEJAY

Chapped lips.

D.J.

On their chapped lips.

SIDEKICK DEEJAY

Right.

FROM THE STREET

We see PHIL standing in the window, looking down. We still hear the radio in the background.

D.J.

Do you think Phil's going to come out
and see his shadow?

SIDEKICK DEEJAY

Punxsutawne Phil.

D.J.

That's right, kids! It's...

BOTH DEEJAYS

Groundhog Day!

SOUND EFFECT of GRUNTING GROUNDHOGS.

CUT TO:

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST HOUSE -- DAWN

PHIL is well dressed in a suit and tie, a nice overcoat slung over his arm. He walks down a corridor of the house.

A CHUBBY MAN passes.

CHUBBY MAN

Morning.

PHIL is much less cheerful than before, more tired.

PHIL

Morning.

CHUBBY MAN

Think it'll be an early spring?

PHIL

Nope.

The CHUBBY MAN stares disapprovingly as PHIL continues on.

PHIL enters the

BREAKFAST ROOM

as before. He grabs a sweet roll, just as MRS. LANCASTER comes out of the kitchen.

MRS. LANCASTER
Could I get you some coffee, Mr.
Connors?

PHIL
Not today, thanks.

MRS. LANCASTER
That's right. You don't want to miss
the groundhog.

PHIL gives her a look.

MRS. LANCASTER walks off. PHIL exits, slipping on his coat.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE -- DAWN

PHIL is on the steps, putting on his coat and gloves.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Miss the groundhog. Not likely. I
haven't missed the groundhog in about
five weeks, although it's hard to say
just how long this has been going on.

RITA approaches PHIL, as before.

RITA
Hey, Phil, ya better hurry up.

PHIL
Yeah, yeah. Larry's camera's fitzing
out from the cold and he doesn't know
where to put it. I know. Tell him I'll
be right there.

RITA
Are you okay?

PHIL
Hey. I was pretty good yesterday,
wasn't I?

RITA
Yesterday? Today's your first day.
Your only day if you don't shake your
butt.

RITA hesitates for a moment, then runs off toward the KNOB.

PHIL VOICE OVER
When every day starts out just like the
last one, you kind of lose track.
Everything's where the world left it on
February first.

PHIL deftly avoids the slushy pothole as before, and, as
before, a GUY walks past and steps right into it.

PHIL VOICE OVER
And every day is February second.

PHIL begins to slip off his right glove.

A MAN spots PHIL and lumbers toward him.

MAN
Hey, Connors!

PHIL VOICE OVER
I keep living the same day, over and
over again. Technically, I'm immortal.
That's been a big adjustment.

PHIL doesn't look up. He finishes taking off his glove and
continues walking.

MAN
Phil Connors! Hey!

The MAN comes right up to Phil and opens his mouth to speak.
Before he gets a word out, PHIL SLUGS HIM. The MAN goes
down. PHIL slips on the glove and keeps walking.

EXT. GOBBLERS KNOB -- DAWN

PHIL pushes his way through the crowd. He spots NANCY and
makes his way to her side.

PHIL
Nancy?

NANCY turns her head to him.

PHIL
Nancy, right?

NANCY
I'm sorry, I...

PHIL
Lincoln High. I sat next to you in Mrs.
Walsh's English class.

NANCY
That...

PHIL
Phil Connors.

NANCY
...is amazing!

PHIL
You don't remember me, do you?

NANCY
I don't... sure, I think...

PHIL
We used to shoot spit balls...

NANCY
Yeah, oh, god...

PHIL
Sure. I even asked you to the prom.

NANCY
Phil Connors.

PHIL
Yeah.

NANCY
How ARE you?!

PHIL
Hey, listen, I gotta do this report...

NANCY
You're a reporter?

PHIL
Weatherman. Channel five, Pittsburgh.

NANCY
Right, I should've known...

PHIL
But maybe after we could...

NANCY
Yeah, yeah I'd like that...

The crowd shuffles in the cold and waits for Punxsutawne Phil. PHIL walks up to LARRY and gets him to move the camera. We see RITA berating PHIL.

PHIL VOICE OVER
So far, immortality looks pretty good.
But Punxsutawne Phil says it's going to
be a long winter. Very long.

CUT TO:

INT. YMCA POOL -- DAY

PHIL places a towel on a hook and walks to the end of the emptiest lane. OLD MEN and WOMEN are in most of the lanes, taking their time.

PHIL VOICE OVER
How does a person come to live one day
over and over and over? Perhaps I was
the curious lab assistant who tinkered
with his master's time machine. Or it
could be that Punxsutawne is the
magnetic black hole of time, my bed at
the Inn -the cosmic vortex.

PHIL dives in. He swims a lap down the pool.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I've tried to clear my head, think it
through logically.

PHIL catches up to an OLD SWIMMER. He can't get around the guy. It is frustrating.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDING HOUSE -- DAWN

PHIL is lying in bed, asleep. The radio comes on, playing the same song, "I got you, babe." PHIL sits up, rubs his head.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Maybe it's all just a dream.

The music finishes, and the D.J. comes on.

D.J.
Okay, campers, rise and shine, and don't forget your booties because today it's COOOOOLD out there...

PHIL swats the radio "off."

PHIL VOICE OVER
If it is a dream, I can assure you it is of a recurring nature.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLERS KNOB -- DAWN

The crowd is waiting expectantly for the groundhog to appear.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I've tried to continue my work, my very reason for being here.

PHIL is squatting, unprofessionally, in front of the camera.

PHIL
(Cynically)
This is the most amazing spectacle known to civilization. With one nod from a filthy rodent known best to pest control agencies, a moribund old coal mining hamlet turns magically into Lourdes of Pennsylvania, mecca to thousands of people who, if they hated the winter so damned much, why don't they move to Florida, anyway?

LARRY and RITA look on, incredulous.

PHIL VOICE OVER

But it soon became clear that my career was going nowhere. There would be no promotions, no weekend anchor spot, no Christmas bonus. What was the point? I was immortal, but I had no future.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

PHIL and RITA sit in a booth.

RITA

I'm worried about you.

PHIL

I told you. Forget about it. It doesn't matter. It was nothing.

RITA

It's your career.

PHIL

"Career" is a highly overrated concept.

RITA

When are you going to learn that there are consequences to your actions. It's not just you, either. You're not the only one in the world. Things you do affect other people.

PHIL

Yes, but not permanently.

RITA

How can you say that?

PHIL

Rita -- what would you do with yourself if you knew the world was going to end tomorrow?

RITA

Forget it, Phil.

RITA gets up to leave.

RITA
You're not even that good at predicting
the weather.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

PHIL is standing at the center of a crowd. He is wearing a funny hat and gesturing wildly to the "audience." He is chewing gum.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I preferred Rita's admiration to her
scorn, but I just didn't feel like going
to work anymore. I found new things to
do with my time. I began to make better
use of my unique vantage point.

LADY IN CROWD
What's my middle name?

PHIL
Aha! Trying to outsmart the great and
powerful Phil. Tell me, my dear, have
we ever met?

LADY IN CROWD -
No, sir.

PHIL
All right. Well, let's look into my
crystal groundhog...

PHIL holds up a stuffed souvenir groundhog. He rubs it.

PHIL
Oh, Phil! Great Phil! Look into the
shadows of this woman's mind.

He holds the groundhog to his ear.

PHIL
What's that? She what? It is? Madam -
- or may I call you Alice...

The LADY next to ALICE screams with surprise.

PHIL
Ah, yes. Alice, it is. But you HAVE no
middle name. Is the GREAT GROUNDHOG
right!

ALICE nods. The crowd cheers.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Being a mind reader made me very
popular.

PHIL looks across the crowd with glee. He spots an adoring,
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. Their eyes lock.

PHIL VOICE OVER
...And has permitted me to continue some
of my other favorite pursuits.

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

PHIL walks in, spots a pretty woman at the bar. He walks
over to her.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Of the sixty-three eligible women in
Punxsutawne, only forty-nine have so far
been -- accessible. The last few are
proving more of a challenge.

PHIL
May I sit here?

TESS
No.

CUT TO:

NIGHTCLUB, as before. PHIL approaches TESS, sits down
deliberately next to her.

PHIL (To bartender)
White wine, please.

BARTENDER turns to TESS.

BARTENDER
Miss?

TESS glances derisively in PHIL's direction.

TESS
Whiskey.

CUT TO:

NIGHTCLUB, as before. PHIL approaches TESS, sits down deliberately next to her, as before.

PHIL (To bartender)
Whiskey.

BARTENDER
Miss?

TESS
Same for me.

PHIL (To Tess)
Excellent choice.

TESS
You come for the groundhog?

PHIL
Phil Connors. I'm a reporter for
channel five news.

TESS
Reporter?

PHIL
Yup.

TESS
Kind of a pissant little assignment,
isn't it? Covering the groundhog?

TESS smiles politely, then turns away. She opens her bag and takes out a book of POETRY. PHIL notices.

CUT TO:

NIGHTCLUB, as before.
PHIL sits down next to TESS.

PHIL
Whiskey.

BARTENDER

Miss?

TESS

Same for me.

PHIL (To Tess)

"Ah, Whiskey, the sliding river queered
all, finger and tongue, but no less for
wear did I choose that querulous
brew..."

TESS is surprised and delighted.

TESS

Tess Harper -- Jefferson County Poetry
Society.

PHIL

Phil Connors -- poet laureate of Pennsylvania.

PHIL and TESS lean closer to each other as they begin
talking.

PHIL VOICE OVER

You may be thinking, "What a jerk," as
if perfecting the sleazy pickup were my
goal in life. But put yourself in my
shoes. If you only have one day to
live, you have to work quickly.

INT. YMCA POOL -- DAY

PHIL puts the towel on the hook and walks to the end of a
lane. The same OLD MAN is swimming in his lane.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I learned every short cut in
Punxsutawne.

PHIL steps up onto a diving block.

REVEAL

from behind that PHIL is buck naked.

The OLD MAN glances up. He sees PHIL in his altogether
preparing to dive into the lane. He quickly moves over to
the next lane.

PHIL dives into the pool, now having the lane all to himself.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE -- DAWN

PHIL VOICE OVER
Still -- day follows day follows day.

PHIL walks down the corridor past the CHUBBY MAN.

CHUBBY MAN
Morning.

PHIL
Hi, Sam. How's the tooth?

SAM
Much better...

CHUBBY MAN turns, incredulous.

PHIL continues into the

BREAKFAST ROOM

He heads straight for the bookcase and opens the second book from the top left.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I did finally come up with a way to keep track of time, to tell one day from the next. Every morning I go to the library and read -- one page.

MRS. LANCASTER enters with the coffee.

MRS. LANCASTER
Some coffee, Mr. Connors? Isn't it a marvelous collection?

PHIL takes no notice of her. She moves on.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I begin each book on page one, and continue to the end. After this book, the next to the right, one case at a time.

RITA runs into the room from out in the cold and addresses PHIL.

RITA
What're you still doing here? Come on!
The camera keeps flitzing out from the
cold, and Larry doesn't know where you
want him to put it.

PHIL ignores her, keeps reading.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I began counting my days with a book of
short stories, three hundred and fifty-
five pages long.

RITA
Phil?

PHIL VOICE OVER
I've just begun the second book -- a
Latin dictionary. I'm on page ten.

RITA
Phil? I'll tell Larry you're coming.
Okay? Come on, Connors. Shake your
butt. You're going to blow it.

PHIL (Not looking up)
You always say that.

RITA takes a last puzzled glare, then runs back out.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Three hundred sixty-five pages. That
means I've been doing this for three
hundred and sixty-five days. An entire
year.

INT. BAR -- DAY

PHIL is drinking at the bar. RITA enters. She sits down next to him.

RITA

Hi.

PHIL

I thought you left town.

PHIL empties his drink and pushes it forward for a refill.

RITA

Not yet.

The bartender fills the glass.

RITA

Maybe you want to ease up, Phil. Don't want to start tomorrow with a hangover.

PHIL

Hangover. There's no such thing.

RITA

No such thing?

PHIL

Do you realize that I could shave my head and tomorrow it would all be grown back?

RITA

Really?

PHIL

Do you realize that I could catch a cold, polio, rubella, V.D., whooping cough, halitosis and the plague and still wake up healthy enough to join the Marines?

RITA

Phil, is there something wrong?

PHIL

Do you realize that I don't have to brush my teeth?

BARTENDER
I get it. Live for today.

PHIL
Exactly.

PHIL takes another swig. RITA looks on, helplessly.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK -- DAY

PHIL walks casually into the bank. He walks up to a central counter and writes out something on a deposit slip. He looks around.

PHIL VOICE OVER
And live for today I did. What else was there?

PHIL walks up to a frumpy, middle aged teller, JOANNE.

JOANNE
Hello..

PHIL
Hi.

JOANNE
Happy groundhog day!

PHIL
Thanks, Joanne.

JOANNE looks at him.

PHIL
It's okay. You don't know me. But I know you.

JOANNE
Really? Where from?

PHIL
Joanne, you have a sister named Sally, is that correct?

JOANNE
You know Sally?

PHIL looks around.

PHIL
I kidnapped Sally. She is tied to a
chair with a time bomb.

JOANNE opens her mouth and begins to look around.

PHIL
Don't look!

JOANNE snaps back to PHIL.

PHIL (as a movie gangster)
I want ten thousand dollars, see? Put
it in a bag, see? Real easy, or Sally
goes boom!

JOANNE
How do I know...

PHIL
Recognize this?

PHIL holds up a bracelet.

JOANNE
Oh my God!

PHIL
Quit prayin', sister, and dish out the
dough. We don't want to miss our date
with Sally, now, do we?

JOANNE quickly began putting money into a bag.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Actually, I didn't need the money. Not
that I had a fortune, but, if you think
about it, whatever I had was infinitely
recyclable.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD HOUSE -- NIGHT

A fire is blazing in the old house. FIRE TRUCKS pull up and
begin to manage the fire. Onlookers are running to watch.

WOMAN ON STREET
My baby! My baby!

PHIL VOICE OVER

In fact, I have everything I ever wanted
-- money, women, and the power to
realize my fantasies.

The WOMAN tries to run into the burning house, but FIREMEN
push her away.

Fiery timbers are falling all around. SUDDENLY, PHIL bursts
through the burning doorway, a bundled baby in his arms.

The WOMAN grabs the baby, can't stop hugging PHIL. The
firemen surround him, patting him on the back,
congratulating him. Some NEWSMEN pop flash pictures of
PHIL, the hero.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER -- DAY

People are busily walking toward the stores, or to their
cars with groceries. Mothers with their kids, old people,
some single men. PHIL is taking his time, going for a
stroll.

PHIL VOICE OVER

And for the first time ever, I have
begun to realize that it's not enough.

The MAN sees PHIL from across the street.

MAN

Hey, Connors!

PHIL keeps walking, deep in his thoughts.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Even with infinite life, things were
beginning to get monotonous. My purpose
on this earth was no longer clear.

MAN

Phil Connors! Hey!

PHIL VOICE OVER

There was everything to do, but nothing
to look forward to.

The MAN lumbers over to PHIL, opens his mouth to speak.
PHIL belts him, as before. The MAN goes down. PHIL keeps
going.

PHIL VOICE OVER
The emptiness was getting oppressive.
The monotony insurmountable.

PHIL suddenly bumps into someone. He looks up. It is RITA.

PHIL
Rita...

RITA
Hi, Phil.

PHIL
What're you ... why aren't you ...

RITA
I'm worried about you, Phil. When you didn't show up this morning, I thought maybe, I don't know ...

PHIL
You came looking for me? Do you always do that?

RITA
Always? What're you talking about?

PHIL
Rita -- let me take you out to dinner.

RITA
I don't know. I ought to head back. I just wanted to see ...

PHIL
Please?

RITA takes a beat, sizing up PHIL, making a decision.

RITA
I heard you can get a good steak at the Silver Steer.

RITA and PHIL walk off together.

PHIL
No good tonight. The chef's out with a cold, and the meat's all overcooked.

RITA
Really?

PHIL

Sorry.

RITA

You like Italian food?

PHIL

Can't get into Angelo's. Not without a reservation. Toni's pizza's okay if we get there before the grease fire -- that's about six thirty, but the place stays smokey all night.

RITA

How do you know these things?

PHIL

Ah!

PHIL VOICE OVER

She wasn't even one of my sixty-three eligible women. Somehow the things most obvious are the things most elusive.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

PHIL and RITA are talking over a bottle of wine.

PHIL VOICE OVER

And me and Rita - together - was the most obvious thing in the world.

RITA

You seem different today.

PHIL

I'm the same. Just a little older.

RITA

Maybe I never gave you a chance. But you just seemed like -- such a jerk.

PHIL

Have you ever felt like you were reliving the same day over and over again?

RITA

Like deja vu?

PHIL
More like -- deja, deja, deja, deja...

RITA
So, you still think you've been here
before?

PHIL nods.

RITA
And how does this evening turn out?

PHIL
I'll tell you what I do know. Even in a
day as long as this, even in a lifetime
of endless repetition, there's still
room for possibilities.

EXT. THE OTHER BED AND BREAKFAST -- NIGHT

PHIL and RITA slowly, blissfully, walk, arm in arm, onto the
front porch.

PHIL VOICE OVER
It was clear that Rita wasn't just
another one night stand. I was in love.
And you may think this was just the
thing to make life everlasting a nice
place to be.

They gaze into each others' eyes.

PHIL VOICE OVER
But, you see, there's a problem. A big
problem.

RITA
See you tomorrow?

PHIL
Tomorrow?

RITA
Good night, Phil.

PHIL
Wait!

RITA
I'll see you tomorrow.

RITA enters the house, closes the door. PHIL stares at the closed door.

PHIL

Tomorrow.

PHIL slowly turns and walks, alone, into the cold night.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL HALL -- NIGHT

The balls CRACK as the cue ball breaks.

PHIL VOICE OVER

With no need of a career, no use for money, and no chance of love, I had lost everything I had ever needed of a future. I was just passing the time.

PHIL is walking around the table, cue in hand. He is sinking ball after ball.

ONLOOKER JOE

Who is this guy?

ONLOOKER STEVE

I don't know. Hey, mister.

PHIL doesn't stop shooting.

ONLOOKER STEVE

Who are you, anyway?

PHIL shoots, sinks a tough one.

PHIL

They call me -- Phil.

ONLOOKER STEVE

Oh. Phil. Like the groundhog.

PHIL sinks another one.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I became an expert at all things trivial and pointless.

CUT TO:

CU TV SET

The program JEOPARDY! is playing.

ALEX (on TV)
German American physicist whose letter
to FDR led to the Manhattan Project to
make the A-bomb.

PHIL (O.S.)
Who is Einstein.

CONTESTANT (on TV)
Who is Einstein.

ALEX (on TV)
Correct.

There is a cheering from a small crowd.

The TV game continues.

ALEX (on TV)
"Jeopardy!" home games are made in New
Brunswick on an avenue named for this
"trees" poet born in New Brunswick.

PHIL
Joyce Kilmer.

CONTESTANT (on TV)
Who is Kilmer.

ALEX (on TV)
Correct.

More cheering from small crowd.

REVEAL

PHIL watching a store-display TV set, a small crowd
gathered.

ALEX (on TV)
Charles, son of this inventor of a stock
ticker, was governor of New Jersey from
1941-4.

PHIL
Edison.

CONTESTANT (on TV)
Who is Edison.

ALEX (on TV)
Correct.

MORE cheering from small crowd.

CONTESTANT (on TV)
New Jersey for eight hundred.

ALEX (on TV)
And the answer is -- an audio daily
double.

PHIL
Count Basie.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Clearly, life had lost for me its sense
of wonder.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

PHIL is walking down the sidewalk. TESS, the very good
looking woman from the poetry society, approaches him.

TESS
Excuse me. Do you know the way to
Gobblers Knob? I have just no sense of
direction.

PHIL looks at her, then points.

TESS
Over there? Is it really anything worth
seeing?

PHIL
I'm sure you'll love it.

PHIL walks on.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I'd even lost my interest in dating. I
just got so tired of the preliminaries,
the same "getting acquainted" rituals,
over and over and over. I was ready for
something more.

PHIL steps into the street. A VAN almost runs into him. The driver runs out quickly to see that he is all right. The driver is RITA.

RITA
Phil? Are you hurt? I'm so sorry.

PHIL looks at her.

RITA
What's happened to you?

PHIL
I love you.

RITA
Quit goofing around. Are you hurt?

PHIL stands up. He is okay.
LARRY calls from the van.

LARRY
Let him be, Rita. Let's go.

RITA
Are you gonna be okay?

PHIL smiles and walks off.

PHIL VOICE OVER
But it wasn't to be.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM -- DAWN

SID and GERTIE are sipping coffee and eating danish. They are uncomfortably staring at something on the other side of the room.

MRS. LANCASTER steps up with some coffee.

MRS. LANCASTER
More coffee?

SID
Oh, yes, thank you.

She pours. They continue to stare.

MRS. LANCASTER
How about you?

GERTIE

Please.

MRS. LANCASTER follows their stare as she pours. We now see PHIL in his Pajama bottoms and an overcoat, standing and reading a book by the bookcase.

PHIL VOICE OVER

And day, followed day, followed day.

MRS. LANCASTER shakes her aged head and moves on.

PHIL closes the book and returns it to the bookcase.

We see that the book is two rows down and half a row over -
- a LOT of time has passed.

CUT TO:-

EXT. STREET -- DAY

PHIL is walking through town, moving quickly, mumbling and muttering to himself. He's dressed in the Pajama bottoms and overcoat. He looks crazy.

There are MEN AT WORK on a sewer project. PHIL kicks over all the signs and lights.

PHIL

Been working on that damn thing forever.

PHIL passes a woman walking her dog.

PHIL

Hey, pick up after your dog.

DOG WALKER

He hasn't done anything.

PHIL

He's going to! (Pointing) There and there.

PHIL keeps walking.

PHIL

And there.

PHIL looks up at a movie marquis: It's a Wonderful Life. He screams.

PHIL

Not again!

He screams again.

GUS and RALPH are walking down the street, meet eyes with PHIL.

PHIL

I've seen it a jillion times.

GUS

You got a problem, Mister?

PHIL

Mister? Mister? Yeah, I got a problem. My problem is I've been living in this town for sixteen novels, twelve books of poetry, nine history books, twenty romance novels, the Time/Life series on home improvement and Holly Lancaster's high school yearbook, and still nobody seems to know my name!

GUS

Okay. What's your name?

PHIL

My name is Phil.

RALPH

Oh. Like the groundhog.

PHIL screams!

PHIL

I can't stand this place anymore! I can't stand this street and I can't stand the fourteen bars and the five banks and the one star food and the bad weather and "quaint" little village shops and most of all, I can't stand anything -- ANYTHING -- with a groundhog in it.

GUS

Well, Phil. Why don't you leave?

PHIL opens his mouth to argue, then stops.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

PHIL enters his room briskly, flings everything off the bed, and quickly spreads out a map of the Northeast.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I don't know why it hadn't occurred to me before. You get caught up in a certain way of thinking, and there you are, seventy or eighty years later, still stuck in Punxsutawne, Pennsylvania.

PHIL rips out his shoelace and ties a pen to one end. He holds the string up against the map scale. He puts one end of the string on "Punxsutawne" and draws a wide circle on the map.

PHIL VOICE OVER

It was as if I had been given a new life. Every point in the circle was a new world to explore.

INT. CAR -- DRIVING -- DAY

PHIL is gleefully driving down the highway. He sings.

PHIL (Singing)

I got you to hold my hand
I got you to understand
I got you to kiss goodnight
I got you to hold me tight
Babe!
I got you, babe!
I got you, babe!
I got ...

PHIL slows. The car slows. There is traffic. PHIL honks the horn. He is completely stopped. He keeps honking.

He rolls down the window and looks up ahead. The freeway is a parking lot.

PHIL

No. No!

PHIL puts the car into reverse and starts to back out. He can't. There's a car behind him. He's boxed in.

He jumps out of the car. It is beginning to snow.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I tried not to believe it, but I knew
what was happening.

PHIL begins to walk down the highway, past the parked cars. It snows harder. The snow comes down unnaturally hard and fast. He walks faster. Begins to run. The faster he goes, the harder it snows.

PHIL VOICE OVER
It was "that blizzard thing."

CUT TO:

PHIL in car, honking at the back of a stalled truck.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I tried I-eighty, one nineteen, state
road one ten, county road thirty six,
four ten, three ten, five thirty six...

CUT TO:

PHIL on highway, helping other travellers shovel out a snow-bound snowplow.

PHIL VOICE OVER
It was all the same, every direction.

PHIL throws down the shovel and continues forward, on foot. His feet stomp through the high snow. He treads forward, oblivious to the cold.

CUT TO:

It is DARK. PHIL is still bracing himself against the blizzard, stomping through the high drifts.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I didn't give up. I had no choice.

He stumbles. He falls. He can't get up. He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

PHIL opens his eyes. The final strains of "I got you, babe" are playing on the radio. PHIL sits up and gets out of bed.

PHIL VOICE OVER
It wasn't stubbornness. It was
survival.

CUT TO:

PHIL driving a pickup with a plow. He is going along okay, then he runs up against the highway jammed with unmoving cars.

He unloads something large from the back of the truck. It is a snowmobile.

CUT TO:

PHIL on snowmobile, tearing across a field of snow.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Finally, after months of trial and
error...

CUT TO:

INT. REGIONAL AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

PHIL is waiting in line at the ticket counter.

PHIL
... I found that I could make it to the
Altoona airport just in time for a break
in the "blizzard thing."

PHIL moves forward to the front of the line.

AGENT
May I help you?

PHIL
Hi. Where do you fly between now and,
say, one A.M.?

AGENT
We have flights to Pittsburgh,
Cleveland, and Washington D.C.

PHIL
Great! Send me to Pittsburgh, one way.

AGENT
Snowed in.

PHIL
How about Cleveland.

AGENT
Snowed in.

PHIL
Is Washington snowed in?

AGENT
No, sir.

PHIL
Great. .Washington, one way.

AGENT
Okay. Do you have a reservation?

PHIL stares, crestfallen.

PHIL
Reservation?

EXT. GOBBLERS KNOB -- DAWN

The tourists are gathered to watch the emergence of the groundhog.

PHIL VOICE OVER
There was no more fighting it. I had
reached the end of my immortal leash.

PHIL, unshaven, disheveled, haggard, and on camera. He
rambles.

PHIL
We can't see. It's blinding. The
point? The point eludes us, even after
-- civilization, and television. Why am
I here?: To answer one question. How -
- do you spell "Punxsutawne?" P, U, N,
X, S, U, T, A, W, N, E.

RITA turns to LARRY.

RITA
Stop tape.

PHIL
And sometimes "Y".

EXT. SIDEWALK -- DAY

PHIL, in pajamas and overcoat, stands on the sidewalk, looking down at his feet.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I was clearly losing it.

PHIL
Two thousand, six hundred and seventy-one.

PHIL takes a large step forward, onto the next crack in the sidewalk.

PHIL
Two thousand, six hundred and seventy-two.

Another step.

PHIL
Two thousand, six hundred and seventy-three.

Three neighborhood kids are running around playing. They notice PHIL and watch him, walking along.

PHIL
Two thousand, six hundred and seventy-four.

PHIL and kids take a step.

PHIL
Two thousand, six hundred and seventy-five.

PHIL and kids take a step.

PHIL
Two thousand...

JOEY
Five million eight hundred...

PHIL
Six hundred...

MIKE and SUE
Ninety, twenty, four, six, fifty...

PHIL
Two thousand, four hundred...

JOEY, MIKE and SUE
Two, eight, nine, forty-six, (etc.)

PHIL stops and looks up. He has lost his place. His lip curls up like an animal as he turns with slow danger to the kids. They RUN AWAY screaming with glee.

A COP comes up to PHIL.

COP
Can I help you, buddy?

PHIL doesn't even respond.

COP
Maybe you wanna button up your coat.
It's cold out here.

PHIL doesn't move.

COP
You got a name?

PHIL looks at the COP.

PHIL
Phil.

COP
Phil. Like the groundhog.

PHIL turns to the cop like a rabid dog, ready to strike.

PHIL
Yeah, like the...

PHIL stops as if struck.

PHIL
... groundhog.

PHIL VOICE OVER
It was so obvious to everyone else. Why
hadn't I seen it before?

COP
Hey, Phil. You okay?

PHIL VOICE OVER
I am the groundhog, and he is me. I am
Punxsutawne Phil, and forever shall my
fate be linked to his. Whatever happens
to him, happens to me. I finally saw a
way out of this cruel existence.

CUT TO:

INT. GUN STORE -- DAY

The OWNER cocks a rifle with a sharp "CRACK" and begins to
hand it to PHIL. PHIL, in his pajamas and overcoat, does
not look like the kind of guy who should be buying a gun.
The owner pulls back the rifle.

OWNER
You say you got a permit?

PHIL
Oh, yes, sir, got a permit.

OWNER
Gotta have a permit. Wouldn't want to
break any laws, now?

The OWNER winks, and hands the rifle to PHIL.

PHIL
And you say this is good for shooting
small game?

OWNER
Absatively. 'Course, small game
season's been over a couple weeks.

PHIL
Uh huh.

OWNER
So don't shoot nothing out of season.

The OWNER winks. PHIL pulls the trigger. Click.

PHIL

Not me.

OWNER

Got what I'm telling ya?

PHIL

You bet.

PHIL cocks the gun.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Other people have been stuck in a world
not to their liking. Yet they can
endure, knowing that someday the end
will come.

PHIL raises the gun and aims it at various things in the
room. A big poster that says, "Welcome to Pennsylvania."

PHIL VOICE OVER

For me, there is no such knowledge. I
must bring about my own end.

PHIL swings the gun around and aims it at the plate glass
window facing out onto the street.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I must bring about an end to Punxsutawne
Phil.

He quickly re-aims at a calendar with a cartoon groundhog
displayed. He pulls the trigger. "CLICK."

EXT. GOBBLERS KNOB -- NIGHT

PHIL is walking around the mound, casing it out. He takes
the rifle out from under his coat.

PHIL VOICE OVER

And so I set out to stalk the end to my
madness.

PHIL sneaks up to the mound. He pulls a SMOKE BOMB from his
pocket, puts it in his mouth while he fishes for matches.

PHIL lights the bomb and throws it into the hole. He
scurries for the edge of the knob, hits the deck. He lifts
his rifle and aims it.

Smoke is now pouring from the mound. Lots of it. PHIL is waiting, his trigger finger is twitching.

A WOMAN casually walks by, stops. She surveys the situation.

WOMAN

He ain't there.

PHIL doesn't move. He doesn't care that she sees him.

WOMAN

You can wait all night, but he ain't coming out. He don't live there. They keep him in the library.

PHIL's gun droops. The WOMAN begins to walk off, stops.

WOMAN

Plug him once for me.

She leaves.

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

PHIL enters the library and approaches the LIBRARIAN. PHIL is looking very haggard and dangerous.

LIBRARIAN

Yes, sir?

PHIL

I'd like to see the groundhog.

The LIBRARIAN takes a distrustful look at PHIL.

LIBRARIAN

Are you sure?

PHIL spins around and spots a large glass display case. He charges for it, pulls the rifle out from under his coat.

LIBRARIAN

Sir, what are you...

PHIL goes up to the case, cocking the gun. A large card hanging over the case reads:

Punxsutawne Phil

We see the GROUNDHOG scurrying around in the case. OTHERS who are watching see PHIL approach with the gun and back off.

YOUNG READER

Look out!

OLD READER

He's got a gun.

MIDDLE AGED READER

Help!

PHIL levels the gun, takes aim. The GROUNDHOG looks right into his site.

GUN BLAST.

The glass is still intact. The GROUNDHOG looks on, playfully.

PHIL levels the gun, takes two more shots. Again, no results. PHIL can't believe it.

PHIL charges the glass and pounds it with the rifle butt. Two READERS take the gun from PHIL and wrestle him to the front door. They pass the librarian. She grins at PHIL.

PHIL VOICE OVER

It seems that everybody in Punxsutawne's taken a shot at that groundhog one time or another.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLERS KNOB -- DAWN

The GROUNDHOG is just poking his head out of the hole. He stands full height and looks around.

PHIL VOICE OVER

You may ask why I didn't shoot Phil out on Gobblers Knob at dawn.

PHIL looks directly at the groundhog with hate and scheming madness.

PHIL VOICE OVER
But what gun shop is open at dawn, and
on the last February first of my life, I
had not the foresight to purchase a
firearm capable of retiring a groundhog.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLERS KNOB -- LATER

BUSTER JACOBSON and TWO AIDES are lifting the GROUNDHOG into
a cage.

BUSTER
There you go, ol buddy. Good job.
There. He smiled at me. See that?

AIDE
Right, Buster.

BUSTER
There, little fellah.

OTHER AIDE looks up.

OTHER AIDE
Hey! Look out!

A car is barreling toward them. They scatter. The car
screeches to a halt, and PHIL jumps out, and jumps just as
quickly into the cab of the pickup. He tears off.

AIDE
Hey! What're you...

BUSTER
Come on, Tommy.

BUSTER is running to get into Phil's car.

AIDE
What?

BUSTER
Jake! Call the police, and get the word
out. We're going after Phil.

BUSTER revs up the car and takes off after the pickup.

CUT TO:

CAR CHASE.

PHIL is tearing around the slippery curves, followed by BUSTER in his car, and soon, a contingent of police cars and other citizens.

PHIL VOICE OVER

After several more unsuccessful attempts, I knew what I had to do.

PICKUP -- MOVING

PHIL looks at the groundhog on the seat next to him, then punches the gas as he turns up a mountain drive.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I had to stop the madness. I wasn't made for immortality, and neither was Phil.

CAR CHASE

More cars chasing the pickup.

BUSTER'S CAR -- MOVING

BUSTER

Okay! I know this road. There's no way off 'cept the way we come up.

AIDE

All right.

THE PICKUP is losing its lead. PHIL looks in his mirror, sees the approaching cars. He glances down at the GROUNDHOG, he takes a breath.

PHIL VOICE OVER

An eternity of counting seconds. Now I knew. My time had come.

PHIL hits the gas.

The PICKUP bursts through a retaining fence, barrels across a short, snowy field, and rockets over the edge of a cliff.

Silence.

Big explosion. Big fireball.

A click. Music starts playing "I got you, babe."

DISSOLVE TO:

PHIL slowly blinking his eyes open. He looks at the small suitcase open at the foot of his bed.

He looks at the suit bag hanging on the back of the door.

A TEAR starts to fall from Phil's face, as the D.J.'s voice blasts from the radio.

PHIL VOICE OVER
There are only two possibilities.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST CORRIDOR -- DAWN

PHIL walks down the corridor, past the CHUBBY MAN. PHIL is unshaven and poorly dressed.

CHUBBY MAN
Morning.

PHIL doesn't even look up at the guy.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Either I am alive and condemned to an eternal living hell in Punxsutawne, Pennsylvania ...

PHIL enters the

BREAKFAST ROOM

PHIL VOICE OVER
... or I have successfully died and am condemned to an eternal dead hell in Punxsutawne, Pennsylvania.

MRS. LANCASTER enters with the coffee.

MRS. LANCASTER
Could I get you some coffee?

PHIL walks past her as if she didn't exist.

PHIL VOICE OVER
It makes no difference. For me, the distinctions between life and death are apparently irrelevant.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

PHIL walks past people, through crowds, down the street, not noticing them. He is wearing no coat, so people notice him.

A crazy BUM is standing outside a tavern, shouting to anyone who will hear.

BUM

Look behind you, for he is there.
Repent, and know the peace of eternal
freedom. Mine eyes have seen the coming
of the Lord. The Lord! He is here!

PHIL stops to listen to this man.

BUM

Foreswear your ways, your greed, your
selfishness. Realize your true destiny,
for only then will you live in the
world. So sayeth the Lord.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Why didn't I see it before? There was
one possibility I hadn't considered.

INT. CAFE -- DAY

PHIL and RITA are sitting in the cafe.

RITA

I'm sorry. What was that again?

PHIL

I am a god.

RITA

You're god?

PHIL

A god. Not THE God. I don't think.

RITA

Just because you survived a car wreck?

PHIL

I told you: I didn't survive. I was
resurrected.

RITA

And that's why you missed the shoot today.

PHIL

Rita ...

RITA

Phil. Even God has responsibilities.

PHIL

Rita ...

RITA

Honestly, Phil. I expected better than this. Why don't you just say, "I was drunk. I overslept." What is it with you?

PHIL

Listen to me. I have no fears. No fear of failure, no fear of rejection, and no fear of death. That makes me - not human. But I think the immortality thing really clinches it.

RITA

Okay. Let's say you did have a car wreck. Maybe it was just a fluke. Maybe you can die, you just didn't pick a reliable method.

The WAITER comes to the table.

WAITER

Are you ready to order?

PHIL

Don't you think I thought of that? I didn't just blow up yesterday. I've been busy. I've been run over by a train, squished on the pavement, drowned, stabbed, shot, electrocuted, poisoned, and bored to death, but I always wake up the next day without so much as a headache.

WAITER

The soup today is cream of celery.

RITA

Why are you telling me this?

PHIL
Because. I don't know how to be a god.

RITA
Then you're not a god. You're cheating.
You're only using some kind of trick.

WAITER
The Groundhog Day special includes
Cottage Fries.

PHIL
How do you know what kind of rules gods
play by? Maybe the real God cheats,
too. Maybe God isn't omnipotent -- he's
only had a lot of practice.

RITA
Maybe it was the pressure of the
assignment. Maybe you aren't ready for
on-camera.

PHIL
How do you know I'm not a god?

WAITER
I'll come back.

The WAITER turns to leave.

RITA
Please.

PHIL
Hey, Billy!

The WAITER turns back.

PHIL turns to the WAITER.

PHIL
This is Bill. He's been a waiter for
three years because he left Penn State
and had to find work. He likes the
town, he reads French History, and he's
gay.

WAITER
I am not!

PHIL grabs an astonished RITA and pulls her over to the next table.

PHIL
This is Alice. Hi.

ALICE
Do I know you?

PHIL
She's in real estate. Business is lousy and she's going to leave town after her next big sale and move to Utah. That's her grandmother's necklace.

ALICE is dumfounded. RITA is a little embarrassed.

RITA
Very lovely.

ALICE
Thanks.

PHIL drags RITA to the counter.

PHIL
This is Ralph. Say "hi," Rita.

RITA flashes a quick smile.

RALPH
Don't believe I've had the ...

PHIL
Ralph hates the groundhog and wants to drive around town smashing into policemen.

RALPH
Well, who don't?

RITA
Wait a minute. For all I know you used to live here.

PHIL
I'm from Cleveland, and you know it.

RITA
Then, how ...

PHIL
I told you. I know everyone in town!

RITA
How about that guy.

PHIL
Tom. Worked in the coal mine till they
shut it down.

RITA
That guy.

PHIL
George, on vacation from Lawrence,
Kansas.

RITA
Her.

PHIL
Nancy. Takes herself out to lunch once
a week.

RITA is getting very bewildered.

RITA
How can you know these people!

PHIL
I told you the truth.

RITA
Her!

PHIL
Beth. She paints the signs for ...

RITA
That guy!

PHIL
Harry Jones. He owns the construction
...

RITA
And what do you know about me?

PHIL takes a long pause.

PHIL

I know you enjoy being a producer, but hope for better than channel five, Pittsburgh; you prefer mountains to the sea, you'd rather give time than money, but you give both; you're a sucker for Rocky Road, Marlon Brando, and Spider Man; and if tomorrow would ever come -- if tomorrow would ever come, you would fall in love with me.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Even as I spoke the words, I knew they were true. And I knew that as sure as tomorrow never comes, Rita would forget them all over again.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

PHIL, dressed better, clean shaven, walking the street, calmly, peacefully, as if he owned the place.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Still, if I was a god, I had to act more godly.

The MAN calls from across the street.

MAN

Phil! Phil Connors!

PHIL VOICE OVER

One thing I know -- a god wouldn't use violence.

MAN

Hey! Over here! Wait up!

PHIL VOICE OVER

It had been so long. I couldn't even remember who this guy is. It was like a war that generations have fought for so long, they had forgotten the cause. Gods don't wage war. At least, I was going to be the kind of god who didn't.

The MAN opens his mouth to speak. PHIL doesn't hit him. His name is NED.

NED

Phil Connors. Don't say you don't remember me, cause I sure as heck-fire remember you. Well?

PHIL stares, trying to remember.

NED

Ned Ryerson. Needlenose Ned. Ned the Head. Come on, buddy. Case Western High?

PHIL

Ned ... ?

NED

I see you're clicking through that brain of yours. Click-click, click-click, click-click... Bing! There he is! Ned Ryerson ran against me for class president. And won. Bing! Ned Ryerson whipped my fanny on the three mile cross country state meet. Bing! Bing again! Ned Ryerson took Judy Allensmith to the Homecoming Dance against your better judgement and that of her father, I might add. Well?

PHIL VOICE OVER

I do remember this guy. And there was something else about him I wanted to remember.

PHIL

Ned.

NED

Bing!

PHIL

Ned Ryerson. So, what're you doing with yourself?

NED

Phil -- I sell insurance.

PHIL

No kidding.

NED

Phil, when I see an opportunity, I charge it, like a bull. Ned the Bull, that's me, now. Do you have life insurance? Cause if you do, I bet you need more, but I got a feeling you don't. Am I right? God, it's good to see an old face, I'm glad to get reacquainted, sort of adults this time around.

PHIL starts to walk away, but NED puts his arm around PHIL and walks with him.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Now I knew Rita was right. I wasn't a god. A god didn't need insurance. And a god wouldn't want to kill this guy.

NED

Ever heard of single premium life? That could be the ticket for you, buddy.

PHIL abruptly changes direction. NED is still with him.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Eternity was looking grimmer than ever. I'm not a god. So. What am I?

NED

Great investment opportunity, even if you don't croak. Don't worry. They've closed some loop-holes, but we're opening 'em up again. God, it's good to see you!

EXT. GOBBLERS KNOB -- DAY

Tourist JAKE is taking a picture of MARIE in front of the KNOB.

JAKE
That's good.

MARIE
Hurry up, Jake.

JAKE takes a step backwards to get a better shot.

JAKE
Okay. Smile.

JAKE takes the picture. MARIE hurries over to him. They begin to walk away together. JAKE stumbles on something. They stop and look down.

Sprawled on the ground is PHIL, digging at the earth with his hand. He glances up at JAKE and MARIE, then continues digging.

JAKE and MARIE take one look, then hurry away.

PHIL pulls a book out of his pocket, flips it open, then digs a little more. MORE PEOPLE walk by, half noticing PHIL, but continuing. PHIL is totally oblivious to them.

PHIL VOICE OVER
How must I look to them? A ragged, dirty young street person, groveling in the firmament, living in a world they don't understand. I had, in fact, taken up an interest in bugs. As Charles Darwin once said, "God must've loved beetles because he made so many of them."

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

PHIL walks into the library, walks up to the librarian.

PHIL
Entomology.

LIBRARY
Five hundreds. Straight back and to your left.

PHIL walks back, past the cage with PUNXSUTAWNE PHIL. He raises his lip in a brief snarl when passing the groundhog and continues back into the library stacks.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Insects were only my current obsession. All the great pursuits of science, music, art, and philosophy were on my agenda. All of them. I had decided to make something of my life. You see, I was approaching a landmark of sorts.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST CORRIDOR -- DAWN

PHIL walks down the corridor. The CHUBBY MAN passes.

CHUBBY MAN

Morning.

PHIL doesn't even acknowledge him.

BREAKFAST ROOM

MRS. LANCASTER comes out of the kitchen.

MRS. LANCASTER

Could I get you some coffee?

PHIL brushes past her without so much as a nod. He heads straight for the book case. Not the first case. Not the second case. Not the third case. But the LAST CASE. Not the first row. Not the second row. Not the third row. But the BOTTOM ROW.

PHIL pulls out a book at the beginning of the bottom row.

PHIL VOICE OVER

In only twenty or thirty short years, my calendar was going to expire.

PHIL looks backwards at the books already read.

PHIL VOICE OVER

No longer would I waste my days on drunken bacchanals, self pity and television. I was determined to become the vessel of all human civilization - one book at a time. And when I was finished - I was going to count all the pages on this bookcase, and celebrate my birthday.

EXT. HOUSE -- DAY

PHIL rings the doorbell. MARY answers.

MARY

Yes?

PHIL

I'd like a piano lesson, please.

MARY

Oh. Okay, I'm with a student now, but ...

PHIL

I'd like one long lesson, all day long.

MARY

Oh. I suppose we could ...

PHIL

Today.

MARY

Uh, as I said, today ...

PHIL

I'll give you two thousand dollars.

MARY is struck dumb.

PHIL VOICE OVER

It was crude, of course.

MARY ushers PHIL into the house and closes the door.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I didn't think of myself as the kind of person who used money to solve problems. On the other hand, I didn't have all day.

The door opens and a LITTLE GIRL with an armload of music books exits, as if pushed. The door closes behind her.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Consider it my contribution to the arts.

INT. TONI'S PIZZA JOINT -- NIGHT

PHIL and RITA sit at a cheap wooden table as pizzas are tossed in the open kitchen behind them.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Meanwhile, I began planning the best birthday party ever given in the history of the world. It was going to take a while to get everything perfect. After all, I only had one day to make preparations.

PHIL
I'm going to invite you to my birthday party.

RITA
I didn't know it was your birthday. How many is it?

PHIL
I don't know yet.

RITA
Uh huh. So, when's the party?

PHIL
Not sure.

RITA
Oh.

PHIL
It's still in the planning stages.

RITA
Ah.

In the background, there is a grease fire in the kitchen. Smoke begins to fill the place.

PHIL
What's important is that everybody says
"Happy Birthday" like they really mean
it. I want it to be really, really
sincere.

RITA
Well, what day is your birthday?

PHIL
That I know. February second.

RITA
But ... You didn't tell anybody! Oh,
Phil, happy birthday.

PHIL
That's great. Just like that. That was
real nice.

In the background, the kitchen staff are all trying to put
out the fire.

RITA
I mean it.

PHIL
That's great. I love it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE -- DAY

PHIL rings the doorbell.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Planning my party became an obsession.

A very sweet, proper, suburban LADY answers the door.

LADY
Yes?

PHIL
I'm looking for a band.

LADY
You are? Well. I think you've come to
the right place. Derek's in the garage.

She points around the side of the house.

LADY
Just follow the hedge.

PHIL nods. She closes the door, and PHIL walks around to the side of the house.

From the garage is emanating the most monstrously dissonant heavy metal electric screeching guitar in all of Western Pennsylvania.

PHIL takes out a card from his pocket and tears it up.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

PHIL VOICE OVER
And the world became my oyster.

PHIL approaches the LIBRARIAN.

PHIL
Philosophy.

LIBRARIAN
Two hundreds. Down this aisle and take a right.

INT. BAKERY -- DAY

A display case shows a large wedding cake.

PHIL
Like that, only bigger.

BAKER
Bigger?

PHIL
For a hundred people. And lots of room for candles.

BAKER
It's not a wedding?

PHIL
Birthday.

BAKER
How 'bout this --

Another cake on display in the case shows a birthday cake,
reading "Happy Birthday, Bobby."

BAKER
Isn't that nice?

PHIL
My name is Phil.

BAKER
Like the groundhog.

PHIL
And I need it tonight.

BAKER stands.

BAKER
Tonight? I don't know ...

PHIL
I'll give you a thousand dollars.

BAKER
Cash?

INT. LOUNGE -- NIGHT

PHIL hands a dollar to the bouncer and takes two steps into
the bar. From the bandstand we hear:

M.C.
And now, get up and boogie with our own
house band, the one, the only, Phil and
the Groundhogs!

The strains of boring country/western come from the stage.
PHIL spins on his heel, turns back to the door, grabs his
dollar back from the bouncer and exits.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE -- DAY

PHIL and MARY are sitting together on a piano bench. PHIL
is playing something - poorly.

PHIL VOICE OVER
My two interests continued, side by side, for a period of years.

MARY
Not bad, Mr. Connors.

PHIL VOICE OVER
One, the quest for all things sacred to a civilized world.

MARY
You say this is your first lesson?

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BAND ROOM -- DAY

PHIL is addressing everybody in the band.

PHIL VOICE OVER
And second, the planning of my birthday party.

PHIL
I'll give you each a thousand dollars.

SMALL BAND MEMBER
Cash.

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

PHIL approaches the librarian. He passes her.

LIBRARIAN
May I help you?

PHIL calls back to her without looking.

PHIL
World history.

LIBRARIAN
Six hundreds, third row down on the right ...

PHIL waves her away over his shoulder. He knows where he is going.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE -- DAY

PHIL is sitting, as before, on the piano bench with MARY.
PHIL is playing a simple piece, but very well.

MARY

Not bad, Mr. Connors. You say this is
your first lesson?

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM -- DAWN

PHIL takes the third from the last book on the very last
shelf.

PHIL VOICE OVER

And the day grew nearer.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

PHIL is walking down the street, reciting to himself
histrionically, dangerously, totally oblivious to those
around him, who look on with apprehension and curiosity.

PHIL (Deep voice)

Alack, there lies more peril in thine
eye than twenty of their swords! Look
thou but sweet, and I am proof against
their enmity.

(High, female voice)

I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

(Deep voice)

I have night's cloak ...

He pulls his coat around him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

... to hide me from their sight; and but
thou love me, let them find me here.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE -- DAY

PHIL is sitting on the piano bench with MARY. PHIL is
playing a very difficult piece, very fast, very aggressive.
MARY is astonished.

MARY

You say this is your first lesson?

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- DAY

Beyond the graveyard, there is a work shed with various tombstones scattered about. Old TUCKER is at work chiseling a name into a tombstone.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I was approaching the end of my shelf.
Still, given my situation regarding
immortality, I hadn't figured on
visiting a graveyard anytime soon.

Behind him is PHIL, examining a medium-sized hunk of uncut marble. He raises a chisel and hammers away.

PHIL VOICE OVER

But I have found that art transcends all
things. Even here.

EXT. BANK -- DAY

PHIL is chiseling at one of the granite pillars at the front of the bank.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I had taken a particular liking to
sculpture. And people could be very
tolerant . . .

PHIL takes a bad swing, and a chunk of granite falls. A larger chunk falls. A cracking noise is heard, and PHIL as well as several onlookers look up, then run for cover.

PHIL VOICE OVER

... once I got better at it.

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- DAY

TUCKER and PHIL are together leaned over a piece of marble, examining it.

TUCKER

You see, son, every piece of marble is
different. Smooth veins, rough chinks,
hidden flaws. Just like people, son.
Don't be carving her up until you get to
know her. You only get one shot at her,
son.

PHIL is nodding like a good pupil.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I suppose that was true for most people.
I, of course, had the luxury of
reworking the same stone over and over
and over.

EXT. STREET -- EVENING -

PHIL is walking slowly, thoughtfully, with RITA. They are talking.

PHIL VOICE OVER

That was true for people, too.

RITA shakes her head and walks away, leaving PHIL standing sadly alone.

PHIL VOICE OVER

But people are tougher than marble.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM -- DAWN

The usual crowd is milling about. PHIL is in the corner reading his daily page. It is the final page of a book. PHIL turns the page and closes the cover.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Finally ...the last page of the Brothers
Karamazov. I now knew two things. One
-- the butler did it. Two --

He puts the book back in its place on the bottom right of the last bookcase.

PHIL

-- today is my birthday.

INT. STATIONARY STORE

The CLERK is at the counter adding up items on the cash register. We see a CALCULATOR. A NOTEBOOK. A PEN. A box of BIRTHDAY CANDLES. Another box of candles. Another box of candles. ANOTHER box of candles. There are MORE. The CLERK looks up at PHIL.

PHIL

I'm older than I look.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM -- DAY

PHIL is opening a book from the top-leftish area of the bookcase to the last page, and marking that number in a notebook. He punches something up on the calculator and makes an entry in the notebook. He returns the book to the shelf and takes the next book out, repeats the process.

MRS. LANCASTER enters the empty room, carrying her newspaper. She watches PHIL for a moment.

MRS. LANCASTER
Is everything okay, Mr. Connors?

PHIL
Today is my birthday.

MRS. LANCASTER
Your birthday! Well, you know what that means. You must be an Aquarian.

PHIL
Am I?

MRS. LANCASTER
Let's see. "Something is hanging in the air," and "Today will bring a resolution to a personal conflict."

PHIL
Mrs. Lancaster. I'm having a party tonight. I'd love for you to be there.

MRS. LANCASTER
Me?

PHIL
Eight o'clock at Toni's Pizza.

MRS. LANCASTER
A party. I haven't been to a party in years!

PHIL
I know how you feel.

INT. TONI'S PIZZA -- NIGHT

A large crowd is gathered. Almost all of the people we have seen before are here.

The HIGH SCHOOL BAND is playing.

PHIL is talking with NANCY.

NANCY

I can't believe we were in the same high school class!

PHIL

Pretty amazing.

NANCY

Remember the way Mrs. Walsh used to ...

MRS. LANCASTER

Happy birthday, Mr. Connors.

PHIL

Thanks, Mrs. Lancaster. Thanks for coming.

SHE hands him a present.

MRS. LANCASTER

It's a book.

PHIL

How sweet!

MRS. LANCASTER

You seem very interested in my books.

PHIL

Kind of you to notice.

MRS. LANCASTER (Turning to NANCY)

He even counts the pages.

The CHUBBY MAN breaks in.

CHUBBY MAN

I wasn't going to stay the extra night, but now I'm glad I did. Great party!

The lights SUDDENLY come down. Everybody hushes. A BIG CAKE is wheeled in with LOTS of lit candles. EVERYBODY SINGS "Happy Birthday to Phil."

GUS
Somebody get the fire marshall.

JOANNE
My word! How old are you, Mr. Connors?

PHIL
Two hundred and sixty-three.

EVERYBODY laughs.

PHIL
Everybody have some cake!

The ambient noise continues. There is a groundhog on the top of the cake. RALPH takes it and bites the head off.

RITA approaches PHIL.

RITA
You did a really nice job today. Really nice.

PHIL
Thanks. That means a lot to me.

RITA
That was great what you did there with Chekhov and the long winter.

PHIL
Yeah, well.

RITA
You don't expect that kind of thing from a weatherman. I didn't expect it.

They look at each other.

RITA
Well. Happy Birthday.

RITA give PHIL a little kiss. PHIL is the happiest guy in the world.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I can't remember a nicer time, or a more perfect day. There is something very satisfying about closure. Friday - the end of the week, seasons, New Years, Birthdays. I didn't realize how I'd missed the cyclic nature of things.

CUT TO:

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST CORRIDOR -- DAWN

PHIL approaches the CHUBBY MAN.

CHUBBY MAN

Morning.

PHIL

Good Morning!

CHUBBY MAN

Think it'll be an early spring?

PHIL

No telling.

PHIL continues into the

BREAKFAST ROOM

PHIL VOICE OVER

And then, reality hit.

MRS. LANCASTER

Could I get you some coffee?

PHIL looks past her, horrified. He stares at the huge bookcase in front of him. Slowly, painfully, he walks up to the first bookcase, and takes out the first book.

DISSOLVE TO:

POV SMALL AIRPLANE

Surreal atmosphere of cloud wisps, snowflakes, pitching and rolling, all illuminated only by small colored lights. It is night. The hum and pitch of a small airplane is heard.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Unless you were me, unless you had lived an eternity, you couldn't possibly understand my feelings. I was beyond frustration, beyond hope, beyond isolation. The word "loneliness" doesn't begin to describe how alone I was.

The clouds break apart, and we begin to see the lights from a city. We realize now that PHIL is in an airplane.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Still, I could surprise myself with undying human resourcefulness. I lived in a world where time was cheap, where it was no more bother to steal a plane than it was to make a cup of coffee.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL CLEVELAND STREET -- NIGHT

The street is empty. It must be very late. The small plane descends and lands in the middle of this street.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Tedious logistics restricted my choices, but not my resolve. After all, where does a poor boy go when he's hurt and lonely beyond all comprehension?

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

PHIL stands facing a closed door. It opens. A little old LADY in a bathrobe answers.

MRS. CONNORS

Phillip!

PHIL

Hi, Ma.

THEY hug.

MRS. CONNORS

Phillip! What time is it? What're you doing here?

They enter the
APARTMENT.

PHIL
Sorry about the hour.

MRS. CONNORS
You look freezing. Take off your shoes.

PHIL
I'm fine.

MRS. CONNORS
Put your feet up on the table. It's warmer up there.

PHIL
I'm fine, really.

MRS. CONNORS
You're going to make yourself sick.

PHIL
Ma!

MRS. CONNORS
Go on.

PHIL pulls off his shoes quickly, like a petulant child.

MRS. CONNORS
Doesn't that feel better?

PHIL
Much.

MRS. CONNORS
What're you doing here at this crazy hour? I thought you were starting a new job today.

PHIL
I did ...

MRS. CONNORS
What's wrong?

PHIL
Nothing. Really. I just wanted to see you.

MRS. CONNORS

What kind of job is a weatherman,
anyway? People want to know the
weather, why can't they look out the
window?

PHIL

Ma ...

MRS. CONNORS

You are wasting your talents.

PHIL

Ma ...

MRS. CONNORS

You could be anything you want to be. I
always told you that.

PHIL

Ma, we've been over this a hundred
times.

MRS. CONNORS

Maybe you need a hundred and one to get
it through that thick head of yours.
You know your problem ...

PHIL

Ma, I didn't come here to ...

MRS. CONNORS

Your problem is all you think about is
yourself.

PHIL

What?

MRS. CONNORS

It's true.

PHIL

How can you say that? Ma, I just flew
four hundred miles in this blizzard
thing ...

MRS. CONNORS

... because YOU were lonely. When's the
last time you visited me because I was
lonely?

PHIL
Ma ... you don't understand. I'm not
like everybody else.

MRS. CONNORS
Yeah, well, who is? Could I get you
some soup?

PHIL
No, thanks.

SHE proceeds to open a can of soup.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Every visit to my mother was an exercise
in aggravation. That hadn't changed in
three hundred years.

MRS. CONNORS
I'll put the shoes on this radiator by
the door. That way you won't forget
them on your way out.

INT. CAFE -- DAY

PHIL is playing checkers with GUS.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I'd still visit her every now and then.
But my loneliness continued. After all,
who could understand the universe which
surrounded only me?

GUS makes a move. PHIL jumps him. GUS makes another move.
PHIL jumps him. GUS makes another move. PHIL jumps him
twice.

GUS
You know what your problem is?

PHIL
No, Gus. What's my problem?

GUS
You win too much.

PHIL
I'll try to lose next time.

GUS
Wouldn't kill you.

PHIL
That's a fact.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

PHIL is chipping away at his hunk of marble. TUCKER watches over him, leans down to examine the work.

TUCKER
Pretty good for a young fella.

PHIL
Thanks.

TUCKER
It's not a race to the sunset, son.
Slow down. This is art. Art is life,
and they both take time.

PHIL
I'll try to remember that.

TUCKER
You know what your problem is --

PHIL can't wait to hear this one.

TUCKER
-- you just don't have enough patience.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Everyone was telling me what my problem
is. They don't know. My problem is
that nobody understands my problem.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

PHIL looks around at the cavernous, empty chapel with the bright colored glass windows.

PHIL VOICE OVER
For the sake of argument -- I decided to
consult a professional. What could I
lose?

INSIDE CONFESSIONAL

PHIL

Nobody is anything like me.

PRIEST

I am.

PHIL

No, no, no you're missing the point.

PRIEST

Am I?

PHIL

You are not like me. I am different.

PRIEST

Me, too.

PHIL

Okay, okay. What did you do yesterday?

PRIEST

Same thing I do everyday.

PHIL

Uh huh. Yeah, but what day was yesterday?

PRIEST

Not sure. They all sort of run together after a while.

PHIL

Yeah, okay, but I'm never ever going to die.

PRIEST

That's my plan, too.

PHIL

You still don't get it.

PRIEST

No ... uh ...

PHIL

Phil.

PRIEST

Phil.

PHIL and PRIEST together
Like the groundhog.

PHIL

I know.

PRIEST

Phil. You think nobody understands you.
You're all alone. Nobody has ever felt
what you're feeling. Could be you're
wrong.

PHIL

I doubt it.

PRIEST

People come in here all the time, saying
just what you're saying, going through
what you're going through.

PHIL

Really?

PRIEST

Really.

PHIL

Like who?

PRIEST

You say you're lonely?

PHIL

Yes.

PRIEST

You say you live forever?

PHIL

Yes.

PRIEST

You say you have nothing but time on
your hands?

PHIL

Yes.

PRIEST

Then go find them yourself.

The window between them slams shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

PHIL wanders the street, looking at peoples' faces. Mostly he is looking at the people in the cars, on the sidewalk.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Who are they, the others like me,
members of my own species?

He looks at the shop owners and their customers.

PHIL VOICE OVER

What would be their age, sex, color ...

PHIL stops in his tracks.

Beyond the people PHIL had been looking at, sitting against a building, huddled in his rags, is a dirty, glazed STREET PERSON.

PHIL walks slowly toward this person.

PHIL VOICE OVER

I have to ask myself, how have I
appeared to them?

PHIL looks at this STREET PERSON's vacant expression.

PHIL VOICE OVER

As a self absorbed autistic, lost in his
own universe.

PHIL looks to the next street corner, where a ragged old LADY is pushing an ungainly shopping cart across the street and yelling at people.

PHIL VOICE OVER

A dirty old cuss, too far gone to wash.

CUT TO:

STREET PREACHER

PREACHER

Mine eyes have seen the coming of the Lord. The Lord! He is here.

PHIL VOICE OVER

A blabbering, blithering ranter of nonsense.

PHIL turns to a storefront window, sees his reflection.

PHIL VOICE OVER

An a-social, anti-social oblivious self destructive hermit of the streets.

PREACHER (in background)

Foreswear your ways, your greed, your selfishness. Realize your true destiny, for only then will you live in the world. So sayeth the Lord.

EXT. BANK -- NIGHT

An old GEEZER is wrapped up, sitting in the doorway of the bank. He is staring, glazed.

PHIL VOICE OVER

If these were my own kind, I knew where to start looking.

PHIL stoops down to talk to him.

PHIL

Excuse me.

The GEEZER continues to stare.

PHIL

Are you by any chance reliving the same day, over and over again?

The GEEZER looks at him.

PHIL

I mean, I am, and I was just wondering if you were, too.

GEEZER

Over and over again.

PHIL
That's right. The same day.

GEEZER
Well, sir, I'd have to say "yes" to that.

PHIL
The same day?

GEEZER
What day is it?

PHIL
Today? It's groundhog day.

GEEZER
Oh, yes sir. This is Punxsutawne, Pennsylvania. Every day is groundhog day.

PHIL
I'm not sure you see what I'm getting at ...

GEEZER
The days keep coming, one after another. People are all the same. I've done everything I want to do. And this body just won't give out. I'm tired. You understand? So tired.

The GEEZER pulls up the blanket and closes his eyes. PHIL stares at him.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD FOLKS HOME -- DAY

LADY GEEZER
I'd have to say, at last count, on my birthday, last June, I turned a thousand and sixteen years old.

PHIL
No kidding?

PHIL is sitting by the bedside of this very old woman.

LADY GEEZER
I don't get many visitors.

PHIL
How do you know how old you are?

LADY GEEZER
Sometimes my eyes get too dry. I have
to take these drops.

PHIL
But how ...

LADY GEEZER
They hurt like hell.

PHIL
I understand.

LADY GEEZER
Who are you?

PHIL
My name is -- Sam.

LADY GEEZER
People all look alike to me. It gets to
where you know what they're going to say
before they say it. Maybe I'm gifted
with inner sight. I always thought so.

PHIL VOICE OVER
After years of learning how to scheme,
how to have fun, how to rebel, how to
read, how to think and fix, how to
enrich my life, how to revel in despair,
I was finally learning how to listen.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

This is a schoolyard. PHIL is playing one-on-one with some
TEENAGER.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Maybe there were people like me. Lots
of them.

PHIL steals the ball and does a good layup.

TEENAGER
Pretty good move for an old guy.

PHIL

Yeah, well I practice a lot.

TEENAGER

That's what I'm gonna do. Practice a lot.

PHIL

Aren't you supposed to be in classes now?

TEENAGER

You wanna be my daddy or you wanna play b-ball?

PHIL throws him the ball. TEENAGER starts to dribble.

TEENAGER

Everybody worrying about my future. I say, "Hey! Don't worry about my future. I'm gonna buy a big car and wreck it. I'm gonna date every pretty girl in Pennsylvania. I'm gonna make lots of money. And I'm gonna live forever."

He makes his move and sinks the ball.

PHIL VOICE OVER

How far I had come. To see myself in this boy, and that old lady, and the other people of this town, I could leave my loneliness behind. We were of a species.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

PHIL is walking, calmly through the crowded street. He passes the glazed STREET PERSON leaning against the building.

PHIL VOICE OVER

All of my yesterdays had been about me. Tomorrow was going to be different. I was ready to leave myself and join the human race.

PHIL takes off his coat and lays it on the man.

PHIL VOICE OVER

It was time to prepare for my departure.

CUT TO:

GURNEY

being pushed hurriedly through multiple sets of double doors
in a

HOSPITAL.

A NURSE and ORDERLY are running alongside. The patient is
in pain.

PATIENT

It hurts.

NURSE

Just hang on. Where's Doctor Stewart?

ORDERLY

He had an emergency.

NURSE

What do you think this is?

PATIENT

What's happening?

NURSE

I'll get her to the O.R. You find
somebody to put her under.

ORDERLY

Right.

The ORDERLY runs off.

PATIENT

It hurts!

NURSE

Hang on, dear.

She pushes the gurney into the

OPERATING ROOM.

DOCTOR ROBBINS runs in after them. He has just scrubbed up.
The NURSE helps him on with his gloves and gown.

DR. ROBBINS
What's going on?

NURSE
I sent Bill for an anesথে...

DR. ROBBINS
We don't have time.

The PATIENT is looking up at the bright lights of the O.R. She is moaning. A shadow of a masked face leans into the light. The DOCTOR and NURSE continue talking in the background.

NURSE
You can't cut her without any anesthetic!

DR. ROBBINS
We have to start now or she'll lose too much blood.

The masked shadow is doing something, manipulating the patient's I.V.. His hands turn the knob on a machine.

The PATIENT smiles with relief. She closes her eyes.

NURSE
Hey! When did you get here?

DR. ROBBINS
Never mind. Let's get to it.

They begin the operation. We see the MASKED SHADOW. It is PHIL. He sits in a chair, watching his dials.

PHIL VOICE OVER
Believe it or not, I was well qualified for this duty. Neither did I create this situation for my own amusement. It presented itself. I filled in.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

PHIL is carrying groceries for an OLD LADY.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I became the invisible hand of Punxsutawne, quietly removing pain wherever I could find it.

LADY

And then my sister said, "Lizbeth, why don't you just get a cat?" Well, I have these allergies, and a cat just wouldn't do, you see. Besides, either you're a cat person or you're a dog person, and I'd just have to say I'm a dog person.

PHIL is listening attentively, nodding and being supportive.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

A man is pacing by the side of a car, upset.

PHIL VOICE OVER

And I am a groundhog person, scurrying through underground tunnels, only poking my head up one day a year, and only for the pleasure of this town.

PHIL slides out from under the car.

PHIL

That's it.

The DRIVER looks at his watch, surprised. He gets in the car and starts it up.

DRIVER

Gee, thanks, mister.

PHIL

Right-o.

PHIL watches with satisfaction as the car drives off.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Helping this guy was my pleasure. I was finding that most of the things I did now gave me pleasure.

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD -- DAY

Sick CHILDREN in hospital gowns are gathered around PHIL, laughing and squealing. PHIL is making balloon animals.

KID
Make a giraffe!

PHIL
A giraffe? Let's see. It's just like a dog with a blillig -- what was it?

ALL KIDS
Neck!

PHIL
A big tail? Okay. A big tail.

ALL KIDS
Neck! A big neck!

PHIL makes an animal really quickly.

PHIL
There. A dog with long legs.

KIDS
Nooo! Long neck!

PHIL
Oh! Right! A dog with a big head.

KIDS
Noooo!

The KIDS attack PHIL. Lots of rolling around on the bed.

A PARENT and a NURSE are watching the melee.

PARENT
This guy is great.

NURSE
I don't know where he came from. I thought he was just up to visit one of the patients.

PARENT
I don't know who he is, but I know what he is. He's a Mensch. A real Mensch. A real human being.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Beer glasses are raised in a toast.

BUSTER

To Phil!

EVERYBODY

To Phil!

There are a lot of people here. BUSTER is standing on a table.

PHIL raises his glass along with everybody else. The toast is not to him, however, but to a large effigy of the groundhog, Punxsutawne Phil.

BUSTER

It may be a long winter, but at least we got the nice folks of this town to snuggle up with.

COP

Shut up, Buster!

EVERYBODY

Yeah...shut up....sit down (etc.)

BUSTER gets off the table and joins the fray.

PHIL turns to continue his conversation with the COP.

PHIL

How long has Buster been the head groundhog around here?

COP

Oh, I don't know. They're supposed to elect a new one every year, but ol' Buster seems to want it more than anybody else.

The GAY WAITER approaches the COP.

WAITER

Excuse me, Walter, it's getting late.

COP

Nice talking with ya.

The WAITER and COP leave.

PHIL turns and pushes through crowd. He passes MARY, the piano teacher. She's talking with the very suburban LADY.

MARY

I haven't seen Derek.

LADY

He is always in the garage practicing his music.

MARY

At least he didn't give it up.

LADY

Oh, no! I think he just felt more natural with a guitar than a piano.

MARY

I can't imagine.

The Gun Store OWNER spots PHIL.

OWNER

Hey, I thought all you reporters went home this morning.

PHIL

They don't know what they're missing.

OWNER

It is a nice little town, isn't it?

PHIL

Absatively.

OWNER

Well, you have yourself a nice visit.
Maybe cherchez les femmes.

He winks broadly and moves on.

PHIL VOICE OVER

Of course, this wasn't the only event in Punxsutawne on a mid-winters night. The church was having a groundhog pot luck. The city council was having a kind of holiday bash. And, of course, it was the first friday of the month, and the meeting of the Jefferson County poetry society.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

TESS is sitting in a chair, reading aloud from a book. Many others are listening attentively. This is a poetry reading.

PHIL stands in the doorway, listening.

TESS

Looking for love, I was tooth and claw
Scraping the universe to my side
Pulling love from under rocks
Stomping my feet that the world would tip in my
direction.
Looking for love, I was vacuum tight
Screaming my solitude to no one
Needing love to fill my shoes
Whining like a child that love might pick me up
and relieve me.
Looking for love I turned inside out
Imploding in the wrong direction.
Leaving my shoes
Replacing the rock
Retracting my claws
Joining the universe
And letting love come to me.

TESS is finished. The audience applauds politely. So does PHIL.

Standing next to PHIL is RITA. She applauds and shares the nice feeling with Phil.

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- EVENING

PHIL and RITA are walking. It is twilight, creepy, but almost romantic.

RITA
What are we doing here?

PHIL
I want to give you something.

RITA
What? A lobotomy? This is creepy.

PHIL
Over here.

They approach the shed.

RITA
Come on, Phil. This is getting weird.

PHIL
Sit over there. Go on.

She sits on a tree stump by the shed.

PHIL
You warm enough?

RITA
Sure. Probably the warmest body in this place. The ONLY warm body in this place. What're you doing?

PHIL has picked up a chisel and hammer, and is chipping away at his piece of marble.

PHIL
Hold still.

RITA settles into a relaxed, lovely pose.

PHIL
The wonderful thing about marble. You can take a lifetime of love and beauty, warmth and softness, and preserve it in a single moment of stone.

RITA
I've never sat for anybody before.

PHIL
I've never sculpted anybody before.

RITA
Come on.

PHIL
Really.

RITA
Hmmm.

PHIL
What?

RITA
You are full of surprises.

PHIL continues chipping away.

PHIL VOICE OVER
I no longer had any desire to capture
Rita, to make her love me. There was no
need. I was confident of my destiny.
The sculpture was only to make her
happy.

CUT TO:

LATER

PHIL is sanding the statue. RITA pulls the coat tightly
around her.

RITA
Can I see?

PHIL stops sanding.

RITA gets up and examines the likeness of herself. She
feels the soft marble. Her hand touches Phil's.

PHIL
You're freezing. Come on.

PHIL begins to lead her away. RITA looks back at the
statue.

RITA
We can't go! What about my statue?

PHIL
You wanna carry it?

RITA
Well -- I don't suppose it's going
anywhere.

The two of them walk off. Close. Nice.

CUT TO:

CU CLOCK

The digital clock-radio changes from 6:29 to 6:30.

HOLD ON CLOCK

Silence. No music, no D.J.s -- nothing.

PHIL sits up in bed.

At the foot of his bed, the night stand with the suitcase is
knocked over.

On the back of the door, there is no suit bag hanging.

Sitting still on the edge of the bed, PHIL notices the
covers move, seemingly by themselves. PHIL looks at the
bed.

Rolling over, the covers pulled around her, is RITA.

CUT TO:

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST CORRIDOR -- DAWN

PHIL walks down the hallway, dressed informally. A skinny
woman passes. PHIL looks at her. She smiles briefly, nods,
and keeps walking. PHIL continues into the

BREAKFAST ROOM.

It is nearly empty. One BUSINESSMAN is sitting in the
corner, reading a newspaper and drinking coffee.

PHIL takes this all in, then goes to the table where the
sweet rolls are set out. He begins to collect a few rolls
and put them onto a plate.

BUSINESSMAN
Hope you're not going anywhere.

PHIL
Excuse me?

BUSINESSMAN
Plans. Hope you don't have any big plans.

PHIL
No.

BUSINESSMAN
Good.

PHIL
No plans.

BUSINESSMAN
Look at this. They're gonna have to shovel out the highway one car at a time.

MRS. LANCASTER enters.

MRS. LANCASTER
Good morning!

BUSINESSMAN
Morning.

PHIL
Morning.

MRS. LANCASTER
Some coffee, Mr. Connors?

PHIL
Thank you.

PHIL holds out two cups. MRS. LANCASTER pours.

MRS. LANCASTER
You gentlemen sleep well? I love a good snow. It makes everything so quiet. I slept like a baby.

BUSINESSMAN
Hope you don't have any plans.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM.

PHIL enters, carefully carrying the two coffees and the rolls.

He looks into the room. It is empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

PHIL exits the Bed and Breakfast, frantically looking around.

It is snowing.

A snowplow is clearing the street.

A handful of pedestrians are trudging through the snow. A figure is swiftly walking away in the distance. PHIL runs after it.

He takes a step into the slush-hole he had so carefully avoided before. He hesitates to shake off his leg, then continues running after RITA.

He catches up to her. They are walking, swiftly, together.

PHIL
Is something wrong?

RITA
Ha!

PHIL
Rita ...

PHIL stops her, looks into her eyes.

PHIL
I love you.

RITA
I told you. That's impossible.

PHIL
What?

RITA

You're deluded. You're crazy. You don't just fall in love with somebody like that. Where do you come off falling for me overnight?

PHIL

It doesn't feel like overnight. It feels like every night, for a thousand years.

RITA

Please.

PHIL

I can't explain it, Rita, because I've never felt like this before. One instant, and pow, it hit me, but I've never been so sure of anything.

RITA

Listen, Phil ...

PHIL

You didn't know me before, or else you'd know how different this is. Rita - I can't believe you're here. I feel like I've waited for you every day for an eternity. And here you are. It's incredible! I have dreamed of you every night of my life. You've been my constant weapon against total despair, and just knowing you exist has kept me alive. I can't even understand the depth of my feeling at this moment, but if I didn't know it absolutely I couldn't be saying this. Rita - I love you.

RITA looks into PHIL's eyes. There is a sweet moment of expectation.

RITA

Phil -- it's bad enough having to wake up next to you, day, after day, after day, but then I have to face this - one-horse, no-class, ice-covered groundhogville. Dammit, Phil, if I see another groundhog I'm going to puke.

PHIL
What are you talking about? We just got
here yesterday. . .

RITA
You just got here yesterday.

PHIL
For groundhog day.

RITA
Don't you understand? Groundhog day was
a hundred years ago. I gotta get out of
here.

PHIL
What?

RITA walks off. PHIL tries to follow her.

RITA VOICE OVER
I don't know why I waste my time. Maybe
I like getting romanced at seven in the
morning, even by Phil Connors.

As they turn a corner, NED appears.

NED
Hey, Phil!

PHIL
Oh, no. Not this guy.

RITA VOICE OVER
I mean, he's sweet enough. But I don't
love him. I'm not ready to love
anybody.

NED
Phil Connors! Wait up!

NED runs up to the two of them. Before we know what's
happening, RITA BELTS NED. He goes down.

PHIL
Good shot.

RITA
Practice.

PHIL
Really, Rita. I'm worried about you.

RITA gives PHIL a gentle kiss.

RITA
Call me in a thousand years.

PHIL
I will.

PHIL watches as RITA walks off.

RITA VOICE OVER
I meant it, too. But, who knows when
all this is going to end. I only know
that I have to get out of this town.
And that the groundhog was right. It is
going to be a long winter.

THE END